

The

MAY 2021

W.A. Bush Poets

BULLY TIN



**Next Muster Friday 7th May 2021 at 7pm at Wilson Community Hall 40 Braibrise Rd,
Wilson, near Leach Hwy and Manning Road.**

MC Robert Gunn 0417 099 676 gunnpoet@hotmail.com

Lest We forget....BOBBY IS BACK

© Tom McIlveen

When our Bobby returned from that terrible war,
he was broken and scarred to the bone.
He'd folded his swag with a bunk on the floor,
and had slept in the dairy alone.
When the demons were gone, he'd emerged from his cave
Looking wasted and woefully frail...
and borrowed a razor to lather and shave
from a bucket he'd found in the bail.

In a calico shirt and his new dungarees,
he'd resembled the rest of the crew...
and though he'd appeared to be sound and at ease,
he was hardly the Bobby we knew.
There were shadows that darkened the china blue eyes
That had once been unclouded and warm,
and lurking behind his complacent disguise
was a phantom devoid of all form.

He would tremble whenever the demons would come
from the blood-spattered trenches of France,
and welcome them in with a bottle of rum,
as he drank himself into a trance.
They would taunt him with images faces and smells
of the dying, the dead and decayed;
from Pozie'rs down to the bowels of Fromelles
where the bones of his comrades were laid.

He would cringe in the darkness as shrapnel would burst
in the trenches surrounding his shed,
and scream at the shadows who cackled and cursed
with the voices inside of his head.
When the shelling was over and finally done,
and the smoke of the battle had cleared...
he'd sleep with his hands on a make believe gun,
till the demons had all disappeared.

I would stop by his shed on my way to the yards,
with a billy and afternoon tea,
and though we would bond over checkers and cards
he'd remained like stranger to me.

He would try to amuse me with verses of song
he had learnt in some faraway land,
but blunder the words as he shuffled along
to the beat of some mystical band.

I was only a kid, but I soon understood
that our Bobby was losing his mind.
He' fought for a cause that was noble and good,
but had left something sacred behind.
He had traded his innocence, conscience and soul
for a medal, a stump and a peg...
and somewhere in France, in a desolate hole,
they'd interred what was left of his leg.

He had shown me the mess that the doctors had made
with their scalpels and carpenter's saw,
then wept for the lads of the Fifteenth Brigade
as he knelt by his peg on the floor.
He would ramble and rave to remember a name,
when his memory start to clear...
then bury his head in confusion and shame,
till their faces would slowly appear.

He would then introduce me to some of the boys
who'd been spared from the horrors in store...
for midst all the carnage, the chaos and noise,
they had died on Gallipoli's shore.
There was Billy from Brighton and Andy from Bell,
and another named Jindabyne Jack...
and some other bloke who'd been struck by a shell,
in the very first mortar attack.

Now that Bobby is back, he can always be found
In the bars or our local hotels...
still cursing his peg as he stumble around
from Le Pozie'rs down to Fromelles.
Though the fighting is over and freedom
restored
To a world that has suffered and burned –
I wonder if history books will record
That our Bobby...has never returned.



**This Bully Tin has been printed with the generous assistance of the office of KATE DOUST MLC
and posted with the generous assistance of Hannah Beazley MLA - Member for Victoria Park.
Thanks to Greg Roberts for doing our printing.**

President's Preamble May 2021



Anzac Day always creates a huge demand for Bush Poets at services right across Australia. People get the sense of the National pride we feel when we recite or hear a poem written about Australians and their involvement in war. I have commemorated Anzac Day at Gallipoli, Sandakan, Boyup Brook and several other places. Each brings special memories pertaining to particular campaigns and to the price paid for our freedom.

I felt a great deal of pride listening to Arthur Leggett's interview on ABC radio this morning. This is far from the first time I have had such an experience and I always learn a little more of Arthur's story each time he is interviewed. I am waiting for the ABC to send me a link to today's interview and will share it when I receive it. Arthur's autobiography "Don't Cry For Me" is an excellent account of his war service and his four years as a POW as well as his civilian life. All who know Arthur are aware of his wonderful outlook on life and his philosophy which enabled him to rise above the hardships he was forced to endure.

Moodyne Festival at Toodyay is on (Covid permitting) next Sunday, 2nd May. We are again performing outside Tony Maddox's Real Estate office with Warwick Trant sharing the stage with us. We also have two spots on the main stage and time in the Colonial Village. Toodyay turns it on in style for this celebration of its most notorious citizen.

Thank you to the members who attended the special general meeting at the April Muster. The resolution to adopt the new rules of association was carried unanimously. Your committee appreciates this show of confidence in the management of WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn Inc.

Terry Bennetts and Cobber have been working together on a new song. After the success of their previous co-written songs I am looking forward to hearing their latest number. They are recording a video clip at Cobber's Corner, Dinninup on Saturday 15th May. Everyone is welcome to come down to be an enthusiastic audience member that afternoon. Cobber has plenty of space for those wanting to stay over.

Add the May Muster on 7th May and we have yet another busy period for Bush Poets.

Bill Gordon, President.

Tobruk Test (HB Paterson – son of Banjo)

You've heard of Bradman, Hammond,
Macartney, Woodfull, Hobbs.
You've heard of how MacDougall topped the score.
Now I'd like to tell you how we play at cricket in Tobruk
In a way the game was never played before.

The players are a mixture
They come from every rank,
And their dress would not be quite the thing at Lords;
But you don't need caps and flannels and expensive batting
gloves
To get the fullest sport the game affords.

The wicket's rather tricky
For it's mat on desert sand,
But for us it's really plenty good enough;
And what with big bomb craters and holes from nine inch shells
The outfield could be well described as rough.

The boundary's partly tank trap
With the balance Dannert wire
And the grandstands just a bit of sandy bank,
While our single sightboard's furnished by a shot down Jerry
plane.
And the scorers in a ruined "Iti" tank.

One drawback is a minefield
Which is at the desert end;
And critics might find fault with this and that

But to us all runs are good ones even if a man should score
Your leg byes off the top of his tin hat.

The barracking is very choice
The Hill would learn a lot
If they could listen in to all the cries



And the time the Signals runner
Scored the winning hit,
When as he sprinted round the wire to try and save the four
The Battery-Sergeant-Major fell into a crater deep
And the batsmen ran another seven more.

If we drive one in the minefield
We always run it out
For that is what our local rule defines
It's always good for six at least, sometimes as high as ten
While the fieldsman picks his way in through the mines.

Though we never stop for shell fire
We're not too keen on planes,
But when the Stukas start to hover round
You can sometimes get a wicket if you're game enough to
stay
By bowling as the batsmen go to ground.

So when we're back in Sydney
And others start to talk
Of cricket', why we'll quell them with a look,
You blokes have never seen a game of cricket properly
played
The way we used to play it in Tobruk.

THE FLYING DOGMA

He was called "The Flying Dogma", though never to his face,
And he preached the holy gospel in that Godforsaken place
Where heathens roam aplenty while the saints are few indeed,
And a single engine Cessna was the Flying Dogma's steed.
From the town of Meekatharra (somewhat hotter there than Hell)
Through the Ngaanyatjarra country, out past Warburton as well;
Warakurna, Wingellina, in the burning desert sand;
Yes, the Flying Dogma's parish was the broadest in the land.

He was ancient and decrepit, weather beaten by the sun;
Vision blurred and hard of hearing, but he stood aside for none,
And he kept that aircraft flying, through the very power of prayer,
While he spouted fire and brimstone after sinners everywhere.
Now I met the Flying Dogma, by coincidence or fate,
At a place called Papulankutja in nineteen eighty eight.
He was sipping holy water, 'cause he'd had a busy day,
Hounding Satan through the out-back in his customary way.

He was eloquent and forceful, quoting Scriptures by the score,
After saving several sinners souls and searching 'round for more,
And he asked me, just in passing, if I'd felt the holy power?
And I hastily assured him it grew stronger by the hour.
But he sensed my hesitation, for he knew the Devil's ways,
And he launched a lurid lecture, with a torrid turn of phrase,
Then he ended with a challenge, for salvation was his goal:
"Fly with me to Meekatharra, thus to sanctify thy soul!"

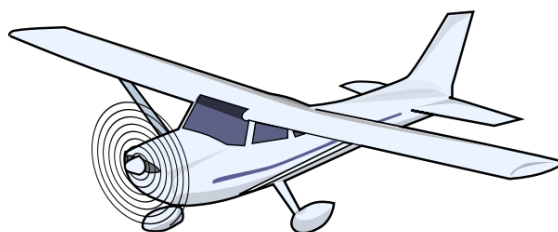
Well, I've sat a bucking brumby (though admittedly half full)
And I earned my reputation when I rode that Brahman bull.
I've wrestled with a crocodile, and didn't bat an eye,
But I call myself a bushman and *he's* asking me to *fly!*
Premonitions of disaster should never be ignored,
And my heart was pumping faster as I slowly climbed aboard;
Then he started up the engine with a flourish and a prayer,
And we hit the wide blue yonder like a mongrel hits a hare.

All that clamour and confusion left me queasy in the gut,
But I held my concentration, with my eyes completely shut.
Then he shouted "Fire a volley!" and my jaw began to droop,
As he sent us skimming skyward, in a crazy loop-the-loop.
We were lurching over to the left, then racing to the right,
Like a syncopated serpent in a spasm of delight,
Then a catastrophic cart-wheel, with a shudder fore and aft,
So I howled in desperation but the Flying Dogma laughed.

And while I cringed in terror, he was energised with mirth,
As we hit the heights of Heaven and then plummeted to Earth,
Then I swore my days were numbered, when he swung us full
around,
But you can't embrace the Devil when you're flying upside-
down!
The blood was rushing to my head; my brain began to freeze,
But I glimpsed the Flying Dogma looking perfectly at ease.
He waved across, as if to say: "Don't panic, she'll be right."
And I would have answered back, but I was paralysed with fright!

At last he drew us level, with a surreptitious smile,
"Take the dual controls," he bellowed, "I'll be resting for a
while."
Then he pointed down below us, to the Gun-barrel Highway.
"That'll lead you to Wiluna But you'll have to learn to pray!"
Well I naturally protested, but before the words were said,
He was hunkered in his harness, fast asleep or was he dead?
He was surely pushing eighty and his face was white as chalk,
And I couldn't see him breathing and I couldn't make him talk.

I was sweating hard and heavy, like a hyperactive hog,
Then I hastily decided it was time to quit the grog.
Scientific lights and levers, like a brain without a voice.



Now I've never been religious, and I'm not a man of prayer,
But I tell you, things are different, fifty fathoms in the air,
Yes, I felt the power of glory, and I saw the golden light,
Then I shouted "Hallelujah!" when Wiluna came in sight.

I was singing "Rock Of Ages", like the leader of the band,
But a sudden revelation: How the Devil do I land?
Then, a stirring close beside me, as we crossed the salty lake:
Praise the Lord and paint the town
the Flying Dogma was awake!
He took control and landed, just as gentle as a bird,
Then he looked at me and nodded, but he never said a word;
And although I'm still a scoundrel,
and I guess I'll never stop,
When others choose to hit the booze, I rarely touch a drop!

* * *

Now many years have disappeared, and though it's hard to
say,
As I haven't heard a mention, I suppose he's passed away,
But I bet my bottom dollar he's pursuing his career,
Flying loop-the-loops in Heaven,
like he used to do down here;
On stormy winter evenings when you're snuggled up in bed,
With a steaming mug of cocoa and
a blanket round your head;
When shutters shake and shudder
and the hound begins to howl,
That's just to let you know:
the Flying Dogma's on the prowl!

Tobber

Armadale. February 07, 2000

Memories of the Coorong

It still seems like yesterday, though many years have now passed by,
and the world has changed forever, for the likes of you and I.
Gone the days we used to camp between the Coorong and the sea,
though the memory still lingers of those times that used to be.

There was magic in the air while sitting there beneath the stars,
just the two of us, remember; we had lived the life of Tsars.
Magic moments shared, and treasured still today by you and I,
with a waning moon then peeping like a spy up in the sky.

We would rug up for our morning walk along the beach each day;
where the waves reared up and crashed on down there in a misty spray.
Then we'd cast our lines for Mulloway but anything would do
And then fry them up for breakfast with the billy on to brew

Then those days of wildest weather when the wind would howl and shriek,
And the Boobyalla bush would bend to gusts so cold and bleak.
Still we loved it there and cherished every moment we could get,
and the memories are always there, for you and I Annette.

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G'day

My bush poet colleagues may be interested to see me in onstage in a different genre.

The play is a comedy set in a nursing home in the south of England.

I am playing a grumpy old Welshman.

Many thanks,
Pete Nettleton
0407770053

Muster Write up 9th April 2021 Wilson Community Hall

Prior to Muster a Special General Meeting was held to deal with a Constitutional matter.

Brief explanation – in 2014 the Constitution was updated but not lodged.

In 2017 further changes were made but lodgement wasn't made before deadline.

The motion to be voted on reads:

That this meeting ratifies and adopts the Rules passed by Special Resolution at the Annual General Meeting of the Association on 3rd July 2015 and subsequently amended by Special Resolution of the Association on 4th August 2017 (Proposed Rules), as its Rules in place of the Rules adopted by the Association on 5th November 2010 for the purposes of Section 30 and 51 of the Associations Incorporation Act 2015.

The proposed 2021 Rules will replace the existing 2010 Rules. They will take account of all aspects of the Association, from its aims, aspirations and powers, and through all its functions and operations and will detail how the Association is to carry out all its processes.

The proposed Rules also provide for the introduction of Bylaws to allow for specific matters not detailed in the Rules themselves. Two Bylaws are included in this new Rules document: one to allow for the creation of a new category of membership – namely Associate members – and one to allow for the creation of external Branches of the Association, such as in country areas.

The Motion was moved by Peter Nettleton and seconded by Rodger Kohn and carried unanimously.

Muster opened 7.05pm

A welcome was extended to Rod and Kerry Lee and **MC Rodger Kohn** started the evening with some interesting information on Banjo Paterson.

John Hayes – “The Old Master” (CJ Dennis) Memories of the talents of the bullock team drivers.

Meg Gordon – “The Football Match” (Peg Vickers) For those who don't understand the nature of AFL.

Rob Gunn – “Under the Weather” (Syd Hopkins) Getting one's tongue around the names of various towns in WA when reading the weather report.

Nancy Coe – Challenge for the month “My Best Friend” described her relationship with her dog.

Rod Lee – “My Best Friend” was his wife Kerry.

“Twixt The Wings of the Yard” (Barcroft Boake). Rod demonstrated why he is a Champion Poet with this rendition of a difficult poem about mustering cattle and a question at the end being asked whether the human population will be so mustered and sorted at the pearly gates!

Kerry Lee – “The Horse Breaker” (Veronica Weal) When to let go of pride. A chestnut mare was a challenge until a little girl came on the scene. The mare was to be shot but received a reprieve and escaped to the hills.

Stinger Nettleton – “O'Hara JP” (Henry Lawson) The fall of the local JP.

Bill Gordon – “Entrapment” (Bill Kearns). Let's ban plastic stacker chairs!

Cobber Lethbridge – Cherry pink and apple blossom white on the harmonica.

“The Flying Dogma” The Padre had a plane to get around his diocese and he loved to put some interest into his trips. Things got very terrifying when his passenger had to take over at the controls. The Padre woke up as it was time to land to the absolute relief of his passenger.

After Supper **Alan Aitken** brought us A Reading from The Classics and featured **Adam Lindsay Gordon** (the grandfather of Australian Bush Poetry)

Adam Lindsay Gordon, poet, horseman, police officer and politician was born on 19 October 1833, not on an island in the Azores but at Charlton King near Cheltenham, the only son of Adam Durnford Gordon, a retired captain of the Bengal cavalry and his wife, Harriet. Adam Lindsay Gordon was educated at Cheltenham College, the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich and the Royal Worcester Grammar School. As an adolescent he was taught riding and by 1852 was beginning his racing career.

His father secured Gordon a position in South Australia and he arrived in Adelaide in November 1853 where he joined the SA Mounted Police. For two years he was stationed at Penola and Mount Gambier where he made his famous leap on horseback over a fence onto a narrow ledge and jumped back again onto the roadway. He resigned from the police force in November 1855 and took up horse breaking in the south-east. In 1857 Gordon met Julian Woods who supplied him with books and whose friendship stimulated Gordon's interest in literature.

In April 1859 Gordon's mother died and left him a legacy of 6,944 pounds. The legacy brought him relative prosperity. On 20 October 1862 he married Margaret Park. She had little education but was an excellent horsewoman. Even his wife could not save Gordon from financial folly and increasing melancholia. His first publication, "The Feud" appeared in the *Border Watch* (Mt Gambier Newspaper), in August 1864. Then in January 1865 Gordon received a deputation asking him to stand for the South Australian parliament which he accepted. He resigned on November 1866, probably because he had invested in land in WA, a property at One Tree Bridge west of Manjimup. On 11 December 1866 with Lambton Mount, he arrived in Bunbury with 4800 sheep, in a few months his flock of sheep had been reduced by about one third mainly due to poisonous weeds in the area. In March 1867 he returned to Mt Gambier. His only child, Annie Lindsay, was born at Robe on 3 May 1867. In June 1867 his first two volumes of poetry were published, *Ashtaroth* and *Sea Spray and Smoke Drift*. Their financial failure together with his losses in WA and racing must have frittered away much of his mother's legacy.

In January 1868 he joined the Ballarat Troop of Light Horse. On 14 April 1868 his daughter died at 11 months old. These private misfortunes lead to his wife's departure from Ballarat on September 1868 but Gordon's reputation was growing. The *Australasian* printed articles on his feats of horsemanship and he was praised for his poetic talents by the *Colonial Monthly*.

On 23 June 1870 his *Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes* was published and Henry Kendall showed him a proof copy of the enthusiastic review he had written. At dawn the next morning Gordon went to the beach at Brighton and ended his life.

Gordon's real love was steeplechasing, yet he had sufficient poetic talent to develop into a more substantial writer than he ever became, His successes and failures in his poetry, as in his own life, are a reflection of the tastes and interests of his time. Alan then read "An Exile's Farewell". Gordon's descriptive verses leave no doubt of his deep sentiments of the world he left behind.

Anne Hayes – "The Sun Behind The Hill" (CJ Dennis) A typical daily ritual of a farming family.

Stinger Nettleton – "Hard Tack" (Anon) Toiling during shearing produces contests amongst the shed hands.

Nancy Coe - A history of early Toodyay.

Rob Gunn – Enlightened us to the fact that Banjo Paterson's son was also a poet and brought us a poem about cricket in Tobruk.

"Gallipoli" (Keith Lethbridge) Remembering the ANZACs and the tremendous debt we owe.

Cobber Lethbridge – Another musical treat with an Irish song this time.

"Billy Goat Parade". After selling his stock, Digger went looking for a dance at the Embassy but his goats found their way there too and caused havoc.

Bill Gordon – "Why We Play The Game" (Rupert McCall). Only those who play rugby know the passion it evokes.

Meg Gordon – "The Survey" (Peg Vickers). Women don't fancy being told they don't really work!

John Hayes – "Check Mate". The story of a shearer who shore through NSW, Victoria and Tasmania over a period of six months. However, he never banked his earnings and therefore carried large sums of cash on his person. His shearing mates were concerned that he might come to harm, so they persuaded him to open a cheque account at a bank of good repute. From then on he paid his way by cheque and could not understand how he could be overdrawn, when he still had 20 cheques in his book that had not been used. When confronted by the Manager he offered to clear his debt by paying with a cheque!

Kerry Lee – "Mongrel Grey" (Banjo Paterson). The hero when he saved a little girl from a flooded plain.

Rod Lee – "The Great Aussie Malaise" Visiting the local Council was an eye opener. No one there (gone to lunch, away sick, on leave.....) to handle issues or requests.

President **Bill** thanked **Rodger** for being MC for the evening's entertainment and the interesting addition of information relating to Banjo Paterson.

WA poets –past and present
Poets bring in your books/CDs to sell
Theme for June's muster
Poems from Henry Lawson
- His birthday (17th June)

Notice: Muster 4th June 2021
MC Terry Piggott
terrence.piggott@bigpond.com
9458 8887
Deadline for June's Bully Tin Submissions
21st May 2021

POET'S ALERT

WA BUSH POETS & YARNSPINNERS ASSOC

TOODYAY BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL

2021 STATE PERFORMANCE CHAMPIONSHIPS FRIDAY 5TH – SUNDAY 7TH NOVEMBER

The November Championships will be here before we know it and it would greatly help the Committee if entries came in early for administration purposes.

The Entry Form will be available soon so keep an eye on the website: www.wabushpoets.asn.au Entry Forms will also be available at the next few Musters.

Please encourage entries from any **Juniors and budding young writers/performers.**

Remember

The ANZACs go on marching, no longer bound to ground.
Strong mateship keeps them living, though souls from life unbound.
Brave actions long recorded; remembered on this day.
Strong spirits all applauded; great legacy on display.
We cannot fault their measure, nor cease our thanks to give;
Those heroes who have fallen: Their gift for all who live.
Our battles are not over for life and freedom too
As we all rise together and greet the morning view,
May chance to hear a murmur of voices from the past;
A call to those stood vigil, *stand tall, don't be down cast.*
Let's all remember history, it's lessons still hold weight
The one that lingers longest is standing by a mate.
We've heroes still amongst us in different uniforms.
They may not wear a slouch hat or blow through bugle horns.
The spirit shining through them, part forged on distant shore;
Draws strength from those lost to us throughout each raging war.
The battles we're now facing, all different and diverse;
Intolerance and the climate; some powers quite adverse.
At times we'll fall in trenches, strength tested by the fates;
Remember those who've faced great foe, standing by their mates.

© DM-InVerse (Deb McQuire) – 25th April 2021



Kimberley Cascade

From cliff top pools a cool cascaded splash
drips bubbling dribbles through the emerald sedge..
Splashed diamonds twinkle, sparkling as they crash
to froth and bubble brightly on the ledge..
Where hanging ferns and cool green mosses drip
with silver moonbeams tumbling down the face
that splash and gurgle on the frothing lip
then fall into the pool in silvered lace.

But in the pool below this royal cascade
the splashing of the falls is redefined
by dark black pools where demon's plans are laid..
His dreams will feed the terrors in your mind
for nightmares come as part of his dark scheme
his pool is not a place for us to dream..

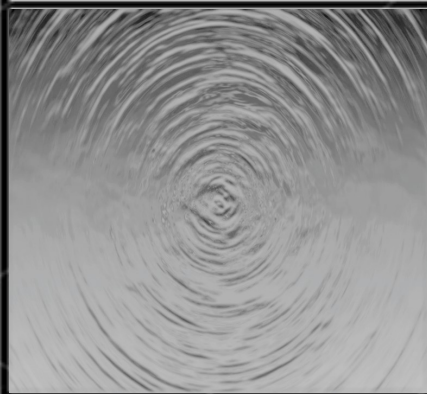
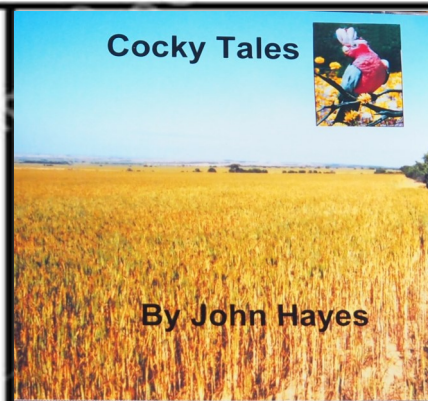
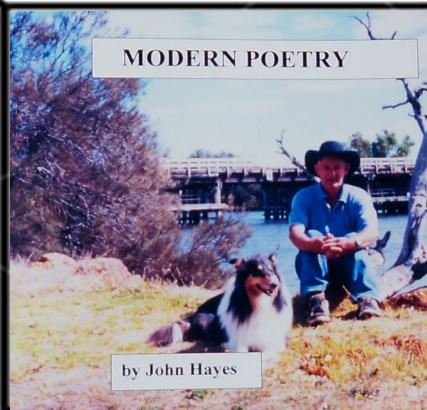
Peter O'Shaughnessy



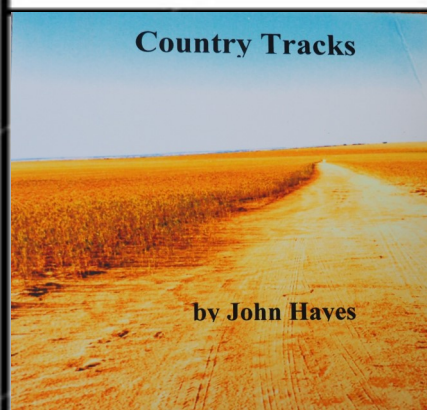
This is a pic of the Mulga Trio (scratch band) playing at Cobber's Corner, Dinninup, on Easter Sunday. In addition to the bush poets mob, we also had a contingent of square dancers in attendance. One of them asked me to take off my Akubra Sombrero because it was blocking her view of someone on the other side of the shed. I was mortified!

Shop Window

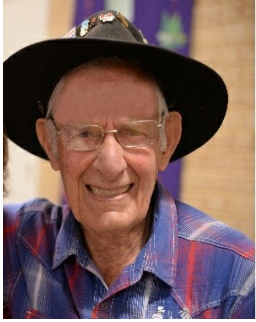
Author - John Hayes



Contact John:
Phone 9377 1238.
Email:
hayseed1@optusnet.com.au



Profile of a Poet



Born in Kalgoorlie WA 1937.

Education; Boulder St Joseph age six years to seven years Kalgoorlie Christian Brothers age eight years and ten months. Esperance Primary school age nine years to twelve years Christian Brothers Kalgoorlie Six months age twelve. Perth Boys High School. Six months. Age fourteen.

The family moved to Esperance when his step father had health problems, and could no longer work in the mines. John was enrolled at the Esperance Primary School, where he had his introduction to the verse of Banjo Paterson when learned 'A Bush Christening' and 'The Geebung Polo Club. John did not think that 'poetry' was quite the thing that boys did, but it was always there in the back of his mind.

John left school at the age of fourteen. He found work with Mick Chernoffs' as delivery boy on a bicycle. His Dad was a builder and offered John to work with him. Of course the pay was better. They left Perth for Lake Grace. His Dad fell ill and had to return to Perth for treatment. John stayed with his step sister on the farm. His Dad returned and said "*son were moving on tomorrow*", John said that he would like to stay and work for farmers. So Dad asked Gordon if he needed John as a workman. This was how John became a farmer of wheat and sheep.

John and Harry worked as contract fencers; John was sixteen and Harry 17. Dad wrote to the boys and said "*if you want to start a farm pick up your axes and catch the train to Ballidu*". They share farmed a property for three years and walked out with only the clothes on their backs; they lived in bough shed on the side of the road.

While they were still farming they looked at taking up land at Kalannie; only the sandalwood cutters had been there before. No roads virgin blocks of land. Their three blocks totalled 6,250 acres. They grew as much wheat in the first year they were there, as in the three years they had been share farming.

In 1963 John married Anne and they had two children while on the farm, in 1968 they decided to lease the farm and move to Perth. John found work at Channel 9 as a gardener and security. After a year he moved into the technical department. John and Anne had another two children over that time.

John's next job was with Auto Serve Vending Machines he became second in charge. They then purchased a Lunch Bar in Bassendean, which they owned for three years. It was during this time he wrote his first poem for their eldest daughter Kerry, as she wanted to present a story in verse about 'Life on a Farm'. That set the grey cells in motion. You might ask, had all his stories of the bush life been subconsciously gathered. Finally he worked for Woodside Off Shore Petroleum until he retired.

John is a foundation member of the Bush Poets and Yarnspinners WA. He is also a National Judge for poetry. All of his works are in the Batty library and the National Archives Canberra.

He published his first book 'Till the Soil in 1984, followed by "Fireside Reflections in 1995. Then "Grains of Gold and Stories Told" in 2007 and "Beneath Australian Skies" in 2011. He joined the Bush Poets and Yarnspinners in August 1995, and since then has been learning how to present his poetry, and works of other poets, to the wider community. In the last twenty years he has travelled wide expanses of Australia presenting poetry at caravan parks and other venues. He has also presented poetry in a series of four CDS'.

He has won many awards over time including - Winner of written Poetry Competition, One Day in Paradise, first place In WA; Bush Poets and Yarnspinners. 2002, placed three times in WA Bush poets And Yarnspinners State Championships In 2013, 2015, and 2016. He still holds the National title for Australian Championships 2017 in Traditional Poetry for Male section.

John has had many speaking engagements and taken part in several concerts, including The Gravel Pit concert for funds to beautify the town; the ANZAC Cottage Concert with James Blundell with John Hayes, and 100 years of the Old School at Dalwallinu. He has been the subject of many write ups in local papers and a full page spread in the Kalgoorlie Miner.

John has taught poetry in Primary Schools and has been a guest speaker for the Festival of Perth on The Crystal Swan. John recently held a recital at Swan Cottages in March. The audience, of about 50 people, were complementary and asked when the Bush Poets were returning to their venue as they were keen to attend.

COMPETITIONS AND EVENTS AROUND AUSTRALIA 2021

WRITTEN EVENTS are in RED

For more details and entry forms please go to the ABPA website www.abpa.org.au and www.writingwa.org

MAY

2nd May

Moodyne Festival Toodyay come visit with Bush Poets at the festival.

28 May - Closing Date - Queensland State Championships for written bush poetry, North Pine, Queensland. Open for entries from 30 April.

JULY

2 July - Closing Date - Adelaide Plains Poetry Competition - Recovery, Redbanks SA.

ENTRY FORM

30 July - Closing Date - Nandewar Poetry Competition with new best first-time competitor award, Narrabri NSW.

SEPTEMBER

20 September 2021 - 50th Bronze Swagman Award For Bush Verse

Windermere Station, Winton.

24-25 September - King of the Ranges Bush Festival

with humorous and serious written competition. Murrurundi NSW.

OCTOBER

8 October - Closing Date - Silver Quill written competition, Bateman WA.

NOVEMBER

5-7 November - WA State Championships,

performance and written competitions

(see 8 October closing date)

21 November - Closing Date - Creative celebration of the International Year of Caves and Karst – Australasia.

Write a story, rhyme, poem, song, sketch, paint, sculpt, photograph or create a video.

Please Note:

These upcoming events may be altered due to ongoing Covid Restrictions across Australia, please check with on relevant websites and with contacts for confirmation as the year progresses

Interest was shown in the hand towel given as a gift so I am offering to make them for any who wants them, with or without the 2021 included. - \$12 each.

If anyone wishes to contact me Messenger Heather Denholm with an ANZAC avatar.

or SMS 0429052900.



Committee Members—WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners 2020 - 2021

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Regular Events

WA Bush Poets:	1st Friday each month <u><i>MC for May see front page</i></u> - 7pm Wilson Community Hall 40 Braibrise Rd, Wilson	
Albany Bush Poetry group:	Last Tuesday each month - 7.30pm 1426 Lower Denmark Rd, Elleker	Ph. Peter Blyth - 9844 6606
Bunbury Bush Poets:	1st Monday every 2nd month - Rose Hotel Cnr. Wellington & Victoria St Bunbury	Ph. Alan Aitken - 0400 249 243 or Ian Farrell 0408 212 636
Geraldton Bush Poets:	2nd Tuesday each month - 6pm Rec. Rm, Belair Caravan Park, Geraldton.	Ph. Roger & Jan Cracknell - 0427 625 181 or Irene Conner - 0429 652 155.
	* Bring and share snacks for tea.	
Goldfields Bush Poetry Group:	1st Wednesday each month. - 6.30pm 809 Kalgoorlie Country Club, 108 Egan St. Kalgoorlie	Ph. Paul Browning - 0416 171 809

If you would like to be part of a forum—post your poetry, see what other contemporary bush poets are writing, keep up to date with poetry events throughout Australia—visit www.abpa.org.au or www.bushverse.com

Address correspondence for the “Bully Tin” to: Bully Tin Editor, PO Box 364, Bentley 6982 or deb.mcquire@bigpond.com
Address correspondence for the Secretary to: WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc, PO Box 364 Bentley 6982
Correspondence re monetary payments for Treasurer to: WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assoc, PO Box 364 Bentley 6982
Bank Transfer: Bendigo Bank BSB 633 000 A/C#158764837
Please notify treasurer of payment : treasurer@wabushpoets.asn.au

Members—Do you have poetic products for sale? If so please let the editor know so you can be added to this list
Members can contact the poets via the Assn. Secretary or visit website - Go to the “Performance Poets” page
Don't forget our website www.wabushpoets.asn.au
Please contact the Webmaster, if you would like to see your poems featured in the Members Poetry section.